THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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FOUNTAINS AT ROME.

ROME AND ITS FOUNTAINS.

The modern city possesses many features of ancient Rome. The same roads lead to her gates—the same aqueducts pour the same waters into her fountains—the same great churches that received the masters of the world under the Emperors are still open to their descendants—the same venerable walls that enclosed so many temples and palaces in the reign of Aurelian, still exist.

Modern Rome has extended, principally on the plain, and is scattered thinly over the hills bordering it. The Tiber, which was formerly 300 feet, is supposed to amount to 2000,000 souls. The streets are well built and paved, narrower, in general, than those in London, and not so much as in Paris. The houses being low, the streets are light and airy. They are many of them, very long and straight, and not unfrequently terminated by an obelisk, a fountain, or a church. The houses are so close, but plastered or stuccoed. It contains 40 squares, 9 monumental pillars, 7 obelisks, 19 fountains, 20 mausoleums, 150 palaces, and 340 churches.

Of the squares, the most remarkable is the Piazza Navona, which gradually rose on the ruins of the Circus Agonalis, in which Domitian built a stone church of St Agnes, and refreshed by three fountains decorated with statues. One of these fountains is an object of great admiration, and is thus described. Four figures, representing four rivers, recline on a shaggy rock on its top stands an Egyptian obelisk, and the whole is crowned by a perpetual stream. These three fountains are so managed that on the Sunday and Sundays, and almost the whole square on Saturdays and Sundays, and all find a very refreshing exhibition to the Roman gentry with their equipages, and to the mass of the people, in general, who always collect in crowds to behold the enlivening scene.

The Piazza di Spagna, and the Piazza Della Rotonda, in which is a beautiful fountain of white marble, ornamented with an obelisk and dolphins, which spout out the water.

Modern Rome is ten miles in circumference, but this extent comprehends gardens and uninhabited places.

Original Tales.

MATILDA DE LACEY.
A Tale of Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLEN CAMP.

The following rather romantic tale, if it deserves no better recommendation, will at least merit the same approbation of my fair readers, in being so all, save the closing scene, starily true. The actors in this affair are not all dead, but the principal one, who now, for the first time, submits the story to the public.

Matilda de Lacey was the youngest daughter of a farmer, who in the year 18—, removed from the State of New York, and settled in the pleasant village of Monroe, in Pennsylvania. Here she enjoyed his early career. The early education of Matilda had been confined to at home, where she had acquired a fondness for reading, and a taste for thought unusual in one of her years. But, unfortunately, she was deprived of all her good qualities, she was far from being a favorite with those of her own household, whose arc contemplative nature was regarded as stupidity, and her life rendered far from happy, by the severity and unkindness of those whose office it should have been to encourage and to protect her. That treated, a shade of sadness crept into her dispositions, and she became cold and reserved, whilst beneath her passionless exterior there glowed a heart whose sensibilities rankled were for sympathy and affection.

When first introduced into the society of the young and gifted at M——, a new world seemed to open before her, and she soon became the acknowledged favorite of both old and young. Among those of the opposite sex her admirers were many, but she was not beautiful, and yet few could gaze on her clear dark eye and intellectual brow, without a spirit of sadness seemed to sit enthroned, without admiration; and she was one of those whom more fetter and fewer could approach, without feeling why. But little heeded Matilda the admiration of those around her, and upon none had she bestowed more than the slightest attention, until she became acquainted with a young man whom we shall call Charles Herbert, who came to M—— for the purpose of establishing a school for young ladies and gentlemen, in which attempt he succeeded, and soon after was received into the family of Mr. de Lacey as a boarder. Here he had abundant opportunities for witnessing the treatment of Matilda, and admiring her many virtues, and the acquaintance that first elapsed ere he had professed himself her devoted lover, and learned from her own lips that his affection was returned.

Charles Herbert was one of those whom most persons would call handsome. He was tall and well formed, and a mass of hair, black and shining as the raven's plumage, clustered in rich curls around a lofty forehead of white as marble. His eyes were large and black, and his face were that expression of pensive melancholy which the poet and novelist love so much in their creations. Very enthusiastic, Matilda loved Charles Herbert with a devoted and disinterested passion that blinded her to his faults and caused her to regard him as a superior being. But well knowing that any intercourse between them would meet with the disapprobation of her friends, she consented to conceal the tie existing between them, and to keep their love a secret for herself. Thus loving and believed, months passed away—months of uninterrupted happiness, the memory of which was to darken the greater portion of her future existence.

For the close of the school Charles received a letter from an old friend and classmate, who, after spending a few weeks at M——, departed for his home in Vermont. After the departure of Mr. Darrow, a change could be seen in the manners of Charles, and although he was, if possible, even more devoted than usual to his betrothed, yet he seemed troubled and anxious, but to all her inquiries upon the subject, he answered with a smile that the change existed only in her imagination.

At length his school was closed, and, a few days after, he invited Matilda to accompany him on a visit to his friend. She consented, but had proceeded far, before she observed that he appeared unusually sad, and inquired the cause of his gloom. He replied that he was compelled to leave her—that he must pay for Galena, and that on all probability they should never meet again. She heard no more, but was insisting in his arms.

When the poor girl recovered her consciousness, he endeavored to soothe her, and at last said that it was her power to prove her love for him, and, by uniting their destinies, ensure the lasting happiness of both. She listened, and he urged her to accompany him to Squire Franks' and be united immediately by a private marriage. He would then, he said, in our years return to claim, her as his bride. Matilda at length consented, and they were married in the presence of Mrs Franks. All the parties promised secrecy—and after receiving a certificate from the Squire, Matilda proceeded home, and in a few days after, Charles left M——, renewing, in the most fervent manner, his vows of love and constancy, and promising to write to her as soon as he could.

After his departure, even while mourning his absence, Matilda looked forward with eager joy to the time of his return, contenting herself with imagining the happy hour when she should be pressed to his heart as an unknown bard, she hastily retired to her chamber, and breaking the seal, read the following.

MISS MATILDA DE LACEY :—I have just learned that Mr. Darrow, who has returned from a visit to the Village of M——, that you are the betrothed of Charles Herbert, who is now residing in that place—and if it is to expose the real character of that man, and to warn you of your danger, ere yet it be too late, that I now write these lines, although in so doing I must expose my own dishonor. Four years since, I was a young, innocent, light hearted girl, the only child of proud and wealthy parents. I had never known a sorrow, when Mr. Charles Herbert won my heart, and after promising marriage with the consent of my parents, he wrought my ruin—and then left me to become an outcast from my father's house, and a disgrace to his name and family, who can know even a weak ungrateful, am obliged to labor for my own support and that of my infant boy.

What I suffered, no human tongue can tell. My parents, once so kind, have never spoken to me since, and homeless and friendless I have lived a miserable and lonely life indeed. From Charles I have never heard a word until this time—he has probably forgotten her he so deeply wronged. Mr. Darrow says that you are both beautiful and intelligent girl, and if so perhaps you will pity and not condemn the wretched writer. Oh! how gladly would I receive your sympathy! Write to me, if you do not utterly despise the degraded and unhappy

ELLEN ——.

Matilda read these lines without a sigh or a tear, a strange and awful calmness seemed to chill the blood in her veins. Young as she was, she possessed a mind far above the common order, and her quick discernment of character, when coupled with the knowledge of her own heart, told her at once that all was explained, and the letter proved the truth of the color had returned to her cheek, and although there was a look of unusual determination about her compressed lips, yet a careless observer would have noticed no change in her appearance. That evening was spent in writing to Ellen Clayton. Tender and full of sympathy for the sufferer was the letter she wrote, and not till it was finished,—not till she had assured her that she would never be known as the wife of Charles Herbert did she suffer her grief the better feelings of her heart. Then when the task was done she threw herself upon her bed and wept bitterly did she pray for death to end her sorrows! And when she arose from her knees, it was with sympathy, as for some person to whom she could discover the cause of her woe. But no such consolation presented for her, she must bear her punishment alone.

About this time both Squire Franks and his wife were called to their last account, and Matilda was left to pass her days in her own way. At length Charles returned, but she met him coldly. He asked for a private interview—it was granted, and the unconsolable girl heard from Ellen Clayton. He trembled as the words met his eye, and then attempted to excuse his conduct. Matilda listened for a few moments, and then calmly assured him of her forgiveness for the deception practised upon her, and told him that if he did not wish to add her death to his already dark list of crimes, he must never approach her more, or dare to claim her as his wife. He saw how vain would be the hope of changing her mind, and so agreed to her request, and they bade each other a cold farewell.

* * * * * * *

Here, in order to be brief, we pass over much that would be interesting to our readers. Charles Herbert continued to reside in M——, and after his return Matilda learned that during his absence he had won the affection of a young lady of Galena, and shortly after his departure from that place she had very unkindly and it was discovered that she had taken poison. Not long after this the family of Matilda left M—— and removed to the Lakes in Ontario. Here she received a letter informing her of the death of Ellen Clayton, and that with her last breath she had implored her to be her friend and her orphan boy, who was at that time under the protection of a Mr. Day, of Vermont. And she also learned that the heroic resolve of laboring herself to procure the means to give to Henry Clayton the advantages of a good education. Mr Day was a poor man, but he cheerfully took the child and support him until he should be able to labor for himself. To this Matilda gladly consented; and to accomplish her purpose she left home, and in the humble capacity of an instructress, labored patiently, transmitting her earnings to Mr. Day, which were expended for books and tuition for Henry Clayton.

Years passed by. Matilda had received many offers of marriage; but her unvarying answer had ever been "I shall never marry." At length she heard that Charles Herbert had resided another fifteen years, and learned that he was still another. Matilda loved him with the pure affection of a sister, and in less than twelve months she had told him all, and learned, in return, the noble and disinterested nature of the heart she had treated.

And now for the pleasure of those who delight in works of fiction we will leave Matilda De Lacey, the humble school teacher, at her vocation, in the performance of her generous purpose and finish this story from our own imagination. When Henry Clayton was about sixteen years of age, Mr. Day, his kind protector, died, and Albert Hamilton proposed to take him into his office, and there assist him to prepare for the bar. The offer was accepted and Henry commenced the study of the law and in due time was admitted to practice. Young, promising, and ambitious for fame, his advancement was rapid, and wealth and distinction rewarded his efforts. He married early in life, and as he was now acquainted with the interest which Matilda had taken in his welfare in his younger years, he consulted upon her future welfare, and she might there be in some measure repaid for her generous devotion to the orphan.

One dark stormy evening in the early part of February as Henry approached his own door after leaving his office he was met by an apparently aged and miserably clad man, who seemed ready to faint from cold and fatigue. The generous heart of Henry was open to human suffering, and he invited the wanderer to enter and partake of his cheer. They were soon seated before a comfortable fire, when Henry noticed the eyes of the stranger fixed at times upon his face, with an expression of great earnestness. There was a something in the face of the stranger that seemed familiar, and yet he knew not why, for it was evident that they had never met before. He was about to ask his name when Matilda entered the room. The stranger started—their eyes met—he sprang forward and caught her, as she was about to fall. Another moment and she had pressed herself from his arm, and stepping firmly forward exclaimed to her wondering auditor, "Henry Clayton, in the stranger before you behold your father! Charles Herbert, in this wealthy and distinguished young man behold the offspring of the betrayed and murdered Ellen. I trust you will now be willing to own your son!" We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed—let it suffice, that all was explained, and the father proved the legitimateness of his child. His wife had died—through intemperance he had lost his property—and at length, broken in health, poor and distressed, he had sent out on foot to return to the place of his nativity, in the hope that with them their sins would cease, and all spent and he felt that his strength could not hold out much longer, when he was providentially met by his son, sheltered by his then unknown son, and whose existence seem he was uncertain. Vicious habits, and his recent exposure had done their work in his constitution, and the next day he was found to be in a violent fever. Medical aid was procured and all that kindness and skill could do was done for his restoration, but to no purpose; and in eight days he was no more. Matilda watched by his bedside almost constantly, and saw he closed his eyes in death, she, at his request, disclosed to Henry the secret of their marriage. Few tears were shed upon her lips passed in the enjoyment of so much happiness as often falls to the lot of mortals in this vain and sinful world.

SPEAK IT BOLDLY.

Be then like the first Apostles—
He then like heroes! Feel!
If a foe thought weak experiences,
Speak it boldly, speak it still!

Face thine enemies—monsters,
Nerve the prince, rack, or rail!
And if thou hast a Truth to utter,
Retard and leave the rest to God!

Original Poetry.

LOGAN SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In Philadelphia is a spot
Where God's own light and peace are found,
And all it is my happy lot,
To wander over that fairy ground.
There lovely youth for pleasure goes,
And old age there is eager there,
Labor to find a short repose,
In Logan Square.

How sweet when rosy morning breaks,
When heav'n's drapery 'n rich and gay,
When lion opens creation wakes,
And gladness hails the coming day;
How charming under summer skies
To breathe the pure untainted air,
On nature's bounties feast the eyes,
In Logan Square.

Behold the lark is on the wing,
To hail with joy the sun's first rays,
And all the birds in concert sing,
With gratitude a song of praise.
Oh! how I love their flight to see,
Their cries of rapt'rous joys to hear,
To join their warbling melody,
In Logan Square.

How sweet at noon in sit at ease,
When nature's display is wild and gay,
And breathes soft music through the trees,
Or flies the lucky flowers of May.
How sweet beneath some cooling shade
The converse of some friend to share,
T' enjoy the business days delay'd
In Logan Square.

Of children now a group appears,
Dancing and singing merry lays,
Who will recount in future years,
The happy scenes of former days;
When with a light and jovial heart,
Each one enjoyed to full degree or care,
In all the sports he took a part,
In Logan Square.

Alone, at eve, oh! how I love,
Beneath pale Cynthia's silver light,
To quaff upon the gentle above,
The sinning wonders of the night:
My grateful spirit wells joy for this,
Ejaculates to heav'n a pray'r,
Sooner and pious thanks repeats,
In Logan Square.

BUCLAUS.

INVOCATION TO DEATH.

"To you Cometh de Glorious!"

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EMMALINE EVANS.

Oh! for the shadowy hearse plumes; the dark funereal car;
The dimly veiled and silent rooms; the muffled bow from Open Coffin.
Mother Earth! to the pallid eye of day;
And the the oversized weary heart, to rest with its kindred clay.

Shut out, far aye, the tyrant of pride, the hard and grasping;
The phrenzied leach to much afford; the dagger and the bowl;
The glancers of the evil eye, the slanderer's poisonous tongue;
And let me slumber peacefully, without my sense, Oh, Death!
While the Spring airs are wandering free, o'erladen with perfume,
And little rills sing joyfully through valleys bright with bloom.

Fall soon the wintry winds shall roar, storm clouds shall lower;
And the fierce simoom in masses bear, as silent marble tower.

More dear methinks than wintry skies, the twilight of life's day;
Calder than Jerusalem's cry streams its chilly carmine play;
Then, was the rose hath left my cheek, the light forsook my eye,
Forgotten, in the dreamless sleep, may I unheeded lie!

Philadelphia, April 25th, 1846.

Original Sketch.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY A TEACHER.

We have reason to know that the following is not a fiction, but a portraiture of real characters, such as were found in the noted school of a Miss P——— in this city some years ago, when this was written.

EDITOR SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are few situations in life so favorable as that of a teacher for studying character. So many young minds come in review before us while the individuals varied faculties and dispositions, and the desire that awakens them in so far as it depends upon themselves, shadowed forth by the powers, now in their infancy, to be hereafter displayed in the world's broad arena, and forming for us the first realities of life. The bud is unfolding, and to watch its expansion leaf by leaf, in matter for deep thought and fascinating anticipation. In those who are daily before my eyes, it is with interest ever growing stronger that I mark the characteristics of each, and observe the peculiarity by which one contrast between them.

The most distinguished for intellect is unquestionably our bearing to the other name of Martha. Virginia would be a more fitting appellation, for there is a spirit, which in its rich and glorious—the power and the will—to make conquest of whatever seems highest. She is so full of life—of energy—of activity, that nothing without the scope of her wishes seems impossible to perform. The fields of knowledge lie open before her, and she broke on them with the eagerness of one who feels that he must explore their pathways with a zeal that wearies never. She seems to be gifted with self-acting mental powers, that work from their own inborn energy and the fuel falls into her hand without conscious effort to procure it. To examine into the causes of things—to work out the reasons and arrive at the comprehensive of a subject, is not a tedious and laborious process. She laughs at difficulties, for there are none visible that it is not unmingled pleasure to surmount. When matter for investigation is set before her, and the grasps it every idea thrown out that will serve her purpose, and when all are gathered into the laboratory at thought, you see her countenance, and in close by her eyes changes at her features, their alternate light and shade. Her face is the transparent medium of soul—with workings so intense that I cannot but admire in any one else. When a clear comprehension is revealed to her mind, you see contract and the brow before her lips speak it, for you can mark the gradual heightening of perception till the final illumination irradiates her whole countenance, and beams in living fire from her dark eyes. It is pleasant to have intercourse with one to whom the paths of literature are strewed with flowers, and the gathering of its treasures a joy so intense. When she was younger, it was a matter of anxiety to us, that in orderly pressing forward to some object, she would disregard the feelings of others, and impossible be the cause of mortification to them of less ability, who were her companions in study; and a quickness of temper, proceeding partly from her active temperament, gave us pain, as unworthy of her usually right feelings. But these faults are passing away with early youth, and the power of a superior mind is displayed in exquisitely conscientable by trifles, and in kind consideration for those around. If the promises of her youth is fulfilled, she will be a noble, and a practically useful woman. Her feelings are strong—partaking of all the vehemence of her nature. Heaven grant they may make her happiness and not her misery!

"Come then, with thy glad, golden ringlets,
Like rain that is lit by the sea,
With eyes, the bright spirit's bright mirrors,
Whose cheeks and the rose-bud are one."

A decided beauty is Emily—her fair hair falling around a face beaming with intelligence, with her soft hazel eyes, and a mouth of unrivalled sweetness. When she enters the room, with the tread of a queen, or of a conscious beauty, queen of hearts her countenance animated with the morning walk's exertion, its freshness glowing in her cheeks, and with white Mousseau pattered in the early dews gracefully wreathed in the Grecian knot of hair, she is as true a creature of romance as ever lighted a poet's vision; as lent inspiration to the novelist's pen when his brain is filled with images of beauty and his heart glows at the contemplation of ideal loveliness. Fair as those ladies of the olden time, whom adventurous knights released from magic thraldom, or those whose prizes were sung in bower and hall by wandering minstrels, in the glorious days of chivalry. It is folly to assert that the age of romance has gone by—that the times are more prosaic than of yore. We see the past with eyes that light upon its shining spots alone, and notice not the darkness. In the baseless splendor of the knightly tournament, glittering like a scene of enchantment, whose peril, even unto death, was sweet for a lady's smile, we have all that is fascinating in those dark ages. Still, as from the hour when man and woman first looked abroad upon its beauty, in

"the world full of poetry—
The sea is living with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty,"

and in every heart capable of feeling the joys and woes of human kind is a romance, as far surpassing the most glowing fiction as truth transcends its shadow. Therefore it is, that I read the young hearts around me so intently, turning over new leaves day after day, with an interest never given to the novel, or to the page. The chapters most marvellous and eventful are yet to come. Emily's life will be no mere history. She is full of fancy and feeling. Her father has been a wanderer in many lands, and she has listened to his tales with eager interest, and her warm imagination filled them doubly bright. Her fancy luxuriates in the splendor of tropic scenery, and she will tell you, with her dark, perusive eyes fixed upon your face, how beautiful it is to live in those islands of the sea, where nature wears her rich garments year after year, among the flower bushes, and the bird hues without fear, and grapes come to minister to her love of the beautiful. May the romance of her future prove tought but a blessing!

Susanna Louisa—a stately name, and the owner is a tall, placid looking girl with regular Grecian features, very pretty when animated—when engaged, but not after her cheeks and lights up her eyes, but at rilay times not striking. Here is a pale and quiet face. Of delicate health and timid disposition—she shrinks from notice, retires within herself, and seldom enters into conversation with others; she is one to be encouraged—to be treated with social kindness, that her mild spirit may never be chilled or wounded, but confidingly put forth its blossoms in the warm sunshine of love.

There is one so delicately fair that it is like an illusion to see her in the daily walks of life. She trembles, lest the spirit should claim its wings, and seek some more congenial atmosphere than that of the evening, workday world. Anna is the gentlest of human beings. Her soul is like

"A calm, still lake, whereon
Nodds the airy browed swan."

Passion has never ruffled it, nor sin dulled its purity. Her seems more an enforced being than any mortal matter of earth's mould." Her hair is of the gold den hue that seraphs wear, and her eyes, quite in Anna's style, lustrous and pensive, and "the mild twilight power like moonlight on a falling shower," and through them the soul shines with intense clearness. My fancies of her mould in heaven are like to the still beauty of her face.

"In pensive thought, and aspect pale,
And meekness of the dove,
Sweet Anna!"

I must not as some half-remembered vision. It must not be inferred that she is other than happy. Her mild, pensive nature is not exactly sorrowful or sombre. She has an older sister, more brilliant in appearance, of soft, yet radiant beauty, "out low dishevelled hair," and with a form rich and graceful in its voluptuous—modest as the shrinking violet, and fair in their lovely humility as the lily of the vale. She is one of those who, in the social circle, are unobserved, and in assemblies of his people he pours forth, according to the measure in which the world's favor has been given to each, the rich treasure of his soul. How blessed a thing it is that we can look upon those whose innocence secures them from the evil influences of the world, thoughts are strangers, and sinful actions among the things impossible.

A fairy form comes dancing towards me. It is Emma. I know the slight and faultless figure, the pure blue of her eye, and the light hair falling in ringlets upon her neck. "A sylph like girl, with step as soft as summer air." Every movement is a poem, and every outline poetry of motion—for music of graceful action maker could know wherever falls her airy tread. And her gay laugh, sounding too great and joyously, tells that a heart light as her footstep beats within. All that she does is marked by peculiar neatness. Everything that comes from her hand must be perfect as effort can make it. There is a singular harmony between her mind and person. Her dress—completely in accordance with Elizabeth in a fine specimen of old-school politeness—A proud submission—a dignified obedience. Her self-possession is perfect. To examine into the causes of things—to work out the reasons and arrive at the comprehensive of a subject, is not a tedious and laborious process. She laughs at difficulties, for there are none visible that it is not unmingled pleasure to surmount. When matter for investigation is set before her, and the grasps it every idea thrown out that will serve her purpose, and when all are gathered into the laboratory at thought, you see her countenance, and in close by her eyes changes at her features, their alternate light and shade. Her face is the transparent medium of soul—with workings so intense that I cannot but admire in any one else. When a clear comprehension is revealed to her mind, you see contract and the brow before her lips speak it, for you can mark the gradual heightening of perception till the final illumination irradiates her whole countenance, and beams in living fire from her dark eyes. It is pleasant to have intercourse with one to whom the paths of literature are strewed with flowers, and the gathering of its treasures a joy so intense. When she was younger, it was a matter of anxiety to us, that in orderly pressing forward to some object, she would disregard the feelings of others, and impossible be the cause of mortification to them of less ability, who were her companions in study; and a quickness of temper, proceeding partly from her active temperament, gave us pain, as unworthy of her usually right feelings. But these faults are passing away with early youth, and the power of a superior mind is displayed in exquisitely conscientable by trifles, and in kind consideration for those around. If the promises of her youth is fulfilled, she will be a noble, and a practically useful woman. Her feelings are strong—partaking of all the vehemence of her nature. Heaven grant they may make her happiness and not her misery!

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I must not as some half-remembered vision. It must not be inferred that she is other than happy. Her mild, pensive nature is not exactly sorrowful or sombre. She has an older sister, more brilliant in appearance, of soft, yet radiant beauty, "out low dishevelled hair," and with a form rich and graceful in its voluptuous—modest as the shrinking violet, and fair in their lovely humility as the lily of the vale. She is one of those who, in the social circle, are unobserved, and in assemblies of his people he pours forth, according to the measure in which the world's favor has been given to each, the rich treasure of his soul. How blessed a thing it is that we can look upon those whose innocence secures them from the evil influences of the world, thoughts are strangers, and sinful actions among the things impossible.

A fairy form comes dancing towards me. It is Emma. I know the slight and faultless figure, the pure blue of her eye, and the light hair falling in ringlets upon her neck. "A sylph like girl, with step as soft as summer air." Every movement is a poem, and every outline—poetry of motion—for music of graceful action maker could know wherever falls her airy tread. And her gay laugh, sounding too great and joyously, tells that a heart light as her footstep beats within. All that she does is marked by peculiar neatness. Everything that comes from her hand must be perfect as effort can make it. There is a singular harmony between her mind and person. Her dress—completely in accordance with Elizabeth in a fine specimen of old-school politeness—A proud submission—a dignified obedience. Her self-possession is perfect. To examine into the causes of things—to work out the reasons and arrive at the comprehensive of a subject, is not a tedious and laborious process. She laughs at difficulties, for there are none visible that it is not unmingled pleasure to surmount. When matter for investigation is set before her, and the grasps it every idea thrown out that will serve her purpose, and when all are gathered into the laboratory at thought, you see her countenance, and in close by her eyes changes at her features, their alternate light and shade. Her face is the transparent medium of soul—with workings so intense that I cannot but admire in any one else. When a clear comprehension is revealed to her mind, you see contract and the brow before her lips speak it, for you can mark the gradual heightening of perception till the final illumination irradiates her whole countenance, and beams in living fire from her dark eyes. It is pleasant to have intercourse with one to whom the paths of literature are strewed with flowers, and the gathering of its treasures a joy so intense. When she was younger, it was a matter of anxiety to us, that in orderly pressing forward to some object, she would disregard the feelings of others, and impossible be the cause of mortification to them of less ability, who were her companions in study; and a quickness of temper, proceeding partly from her active temperament, gave us pain, as unworthy of her usually right feelings. But these faults are passing away with early youth, and the power of a superior mind is displayed in exquisitely conscientable by trifles, and in kind consideration for those around. If the promises of her youth is fulfilled, she will be a noble, and a practically useful woman. Her feelings are strong—partaking of all the vehemence of her nature. Heaven grant they may make her happiness and not her misery!

"Come then, with thy glad, golden ringlets,
Like rain that is lit by the sea,
With eyes, the bright spirit's bright mirrors,
Whose cheeks and the rose-bud are one."

A decided beauty is Emily—her fair hair falling around a face beaming with intelligence, with her soft hazel eyes, and a mouth of unrivalled sweetness. When she enters the room, with the tread of a queen, or of a conscious beauty, queen of hearts her countenance animated with the morning walk's exertion, its freshness glowing in her cheeks, and with white Mousseau pattered in the early dews gracefully wreathed in the Grecian knot of hair, she is as true a creature of romance as ever lighted a poet's vision; as lent inspiration to the novelist's pen when his brain is filled with images of beauty and his heart glows at the contemplation of ideal loveliness. Fair as those ladies of the olden time, whom adventurous knights released from magic thraldom, or those whose prizes were sung in bower and hall by wandering minstrels, in the glorious days of chivalry. It is folly to assert that the age of romance has gone by—that the times are more prosaic than of yore. We see the past with eyes that light upon its shining spots alone, and notice not the darkness. In the baseless splendor of the knightly tournament, glittering like a scene of enchantment, whose peril, even unto death, was sweet for a lady's smile, we have all that is fascinating in those dark ages. Still, as from the hour when man and woman first looked abroad upon its beauty, in

"the world full of poetry—
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and in every heart capable of feeling the joys and woes of human kind is a romance, as far surpassing the most glowing fiction as truth transcends its shadow. Therefore it is, that I read the young hearts around me so intently, turning over new leaves day after day, with an interest never given to the novel, or to the page. The chapters most marvellous and eventful are yet to come. Emily's life will be no mere history. She is full of fancy and feeling. Her father has been a wanderer in many lands, and she has listened to his tales with eager interest, and her warm imagination filled them doubly bright. Her fancy luxuriates in the splendor of tropic scenery, and she will tell you, with her dark, perusive eyes fixed upon your face, how beautiful it is to live in those islands of the sea, where nature wears her rich garments year after year, among the flower bushes, and the bird hues without fear, and grapes come to minister to her love of the beautiful. May the romance of her future prove tought but a blessing!

Susanna Louisa—a stately name, and the owner is a tall, placid looking girl with regular Grecian features, very pretty when animated—when engaged, but not after her cheeks and lights up her eyes, but at rilay times not striking. Here is a pale and quiet face. Of delicate health and timid disposition—she shrinks from notice, retires within herself, and seldom enters into conversation with others; she is one to be encouraged—to be treated with social kindness, that her mild spirit may never be chilled or wounded, but confidingly put forth its blossoms in the warm sunshine of love.

There is one so delicately fair that it is like an illusion to see her in the daily walks of life. She trembles, lest the spirit should claim its wings, and seek some more congenial atmosphere than that of the evening, workday world. Anna is the gentlest of human beings. Her soul is like

"A calm, still lake, whereon
Nodds the airy browed swan."

Passion has never ruffled it, nor sin dulled its purity. Her seems more an enforced being than any mortal matter of earth's mould." Her hair is of the golden hue that seraphs wear, and her eyes, quite in Anna's style, lustrous and pensive, and "the mild twilight power like moonlight on a falling shower," and through them the soul shines with intense clearness. My fancies of her mould in heaven are like to the still beauty of her face.

"In pensive thought, and aspect pale,
And meekness of the dove,
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and again protesting, my threatenings seemed to alarm her, and falling upon her knees she said—"Father, I did take the apple."

Never shall I forget that moment. My child confessed that she was a liar, in my presence!

Supposing my emotion, I retired; and Mary coming from her room ran to her mother, and in a paroxysm of grief cried out—

"Mother, I did not take the apple. But Adeline would persuade me that I did not."

How was a new neglect of affairs. Lie multiplied upon lie. Could it be possible! My dear daughter, who had never been known to commit a petty affectionate—no gentle—no trivial lie in all the past—could it be possible that she was a confirmed liar! Necessity was stronger than the tenderness of the father. I chastised her for the first time in my domestic government. I chastised her! It almost broke her heart—and I may add, it almost broke mine also.

Yet Mary was innocent! After events proved that the negro was the thief. She had conjured up the story of the garret, knowing that Mary would not deny having been there, and to make the circumstances strong against her, had strewn apple cinds upon the floor. I never think of the event without tears. But it has taught me a useful lesson, and that is never to threaten a child into a lie, when it may be in telling the truth. The only one I ever knew Mary to tell me, I myself forced upon her by threatenings. It has also fixed in my mind the determination to employ no servant in my family, when I can possibly do without.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1846.

TERMS.

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For TEN DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have received a letter post marked Pattersonville, La., enclosing five dollars for subscription to the "Saturday Evening Post," to which the writer appended to affix his name. Will the Post Master of the place oblige by informing us who made the remittance, so that we may comply with his wishes.

☞ DANIEL JOHNSON, Esq., is Agent for this paper in Fayetteville, N. C., and vicinity. my 16 2t

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot promise more pieces than are indispensable on account of their length. Three or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short tolerable article will find acceptance, where a long piece of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

LUCK.

Yes, we are willing to acknowledge it, we have faith in Luck—we have full belief in that divinity We know that Shakspeare makes Cæsar say

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

And that one of our own poets, whose fame is not yet only in its dawning, puts into the mouth of Cromwell the bold words

"What more call fate
In the prerogative of valiant souls.
Than daily life pass'd rightful doing?"

And yet despite of Shakspeare and Lowell we contend that there is such a thing as luck and that it has a great deal to do with the success of individuals in this world.

We do not mean to say, however, that luck is every thing, for we know full well that industry of a heart full of energy and determination can accomplish—but that a great deal depends upon fortuitous circumstances what we are in his sense of the need deny. For instance—here are two merchants, a large portion of the property of each is on the broad seas—our vessel encounters gales and storms—his is finally wrecked, the other, managed with no more trouble, meets only with fair winds, and his owner comes out a millionaire. It is this, this constant aid which nature seems to delight to bestow upon some in compensation, as it were, for the enmity which she bears towards others, that men call for want of a better name, Fortune or Luck.

For it is not Providence that we mean in this connection—we have, on the contrary, an idea of Providence as above all the whims and caprices of nature, and everything them arises—it with Providence is, as it were, the god of this world, and is delighed in blessing and arming fellow for wise and holy purposes by the higher powers.

Some persons are nearly invariably successful in whatever they undertake, while others are equally unsuccessful. The lives of the former glide on like a stream which, narrow at first, grows by continual additions into a broad and mighty river, on whose map stic course the eyes of all men gaze with pride. True it is, however, that Fortune is not always thus constant to the close; on the contrary she seems to delight in withdrawing her favors after a long train of prosperity has made their recipient unworthy of her bounties.

The ancient philosophers, with that keenness of perception for which they were world-famous, perfected Fortune as a female—because of its capricousness and lavish generosity. Thus the saying "*Fruits of Fortune*" is one of the components of pl rases. "*When a man is poor*," is another well chosen phrase significant of the harshness with which either good or evil is visited upon us.

It is hard to give rules to guide our actions in relation to such a capricious thing as luck and yet there is one direction that it would be perhaps generally wise to observe. We have taken notice that in playing games of chance, in the long run, where you have a good run of luck, to play boldly—but the moment your good fortune begins to leave you, you should act very cautiously for it is in the effects of this world. Do not think to lose fortune again to your side by desperate ventures—she is pojued, and you must be cautious and respectful. You might as well hope to regain your mistresses smile, when she is offended by a sneering, careless freedom, for which, in other times, she would have taken the slightest objection, as to hope to be prevail over the providence of Miss Fortune. Be gentlemanly, polite, and exceedingly respectful; is the only way to bring yourself again into favor.

OUR THANKS.

The Saturday Courier of last week took occasion, in a notice of contemporaries, to pay us the following compliment: "The Saturday Evening Post, the delight of our childhood, the admiration of our maturity, and the companion of our mature years! Success to it in all time."

Now we call this doing the handsome thing; and we should be wanting in due courtesy if we did not acknowledge that our friend. McMakin was one only well endowed with that general intercourse and universality of talents that enables an editor to make a first rate paper; but he also had he was most eminently gifted with discernment.

Health and strength to the Courier—may it live a thousand years, and, if it ever dies at all, die only of a plethora!

A HISTORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

We learn that CHARLES E. TRUEB, Esq., of this city, is preparing for publication a "History of Philadelphia," to contain an account of the first settlement, progress and present condition of the city and county, with notices of leading events, incidents and interesting facts connected therewith. Mr. Trueb possesses the ability to make an interesting and useful book; and one which, we have no doubt will be much sought after. It is to be published by William L. Fetger & Co, and will contain about 600 octavo pages. Subscription price, $2.

PLAYING OLD SOLDIER.

The New Orleans Picayune some tim ago says:—"We don't know when we have seen so many people carrying their arms in slings as we did yesterday. Can it be that the *drafting* had anything to do with it?"

EXTRAS AND STOCKS.

For the last week our streets have resounded with one continual clamor from the news-boys Extras have not only been the order of the day, but of the hour. After the coming in of every mail, at least three or four of our brethren of the daily press would and bound to put forth the latest news, and if that only amounted to the arrival of a vessel "spoken" in the offing, or the passage of a steamer "signalled to be no later than" some of their predecessors would first read, before they brought an extra.

In connection with this subject we must be excused to express our disgust at the manner in which the world, capitalists are the most sorry. The smallest items of unfavorable news knocks down the prices of stocks, and in such a manner as to make the holder of a few shares of paper with them up. For instance, suppose this morning an extra should be issued by one of our papers to the following effect;

STARTLING NEWS!
LATEST FROM THE SOUTH.
FLOOD OF TEARS! DESPAIR!

We learn from our correspondent at Charleston, S. C. that "a large flock of Buzzards were lately seen flying over that city in the direction of the sea shore." It is very evident that these were the portends. Buzzards do not travel over a large extent of country in this fashion without reason.—Where the carcass is, there will the *Eagles* be gathered together," is scripture language. And if they are gathering, so are we. The excitement at Charleston upon the subject, is represented as being very intense. Some advised the calling of a public meeting—but as was no telling what the upshot of the matter would be.

Upon the receipt of such intelligence as this we should probably fall down upon our feet.

But suppose instead of the above, the following Extra should be issued:

LATEST FROM MEXICO.
GLORIOUS NEWS.

We take pleasures in laying before our readers the following, from an intimate friend at Washington who has access to sources of information that neither anything he may communicate beyond all doubt or denial.

"Dear Pump. I take the greatest pleasure in informing you that Captain Whitewash has offered the services of himself and his gallant company for twenty-three men, to the Government. The offer was made and received in the presence of a large concourse of citizens, who rent the very heavens with their enthusiastic cheers. I need hardly remind you that Captain Whitewash is a officer of the greatest skill and the most indomitable courage. He has seen service, too; having been, like Santa Anna and one other great soldier, a celebrated cock fighter in his day. It is supposed the effect of this announcement upon the Mexicans will be that of

"You may rely upon this!

Yours, &c
"A. GASSY."

The effect of such an extra as this would probably be a rise of twenty per cent of stock at least five per cent, and, in newspaper language, "a diffuse satisfaction and complacency over the countenances of the citizens."

But, jesting aside—why should our capitalists be so exceedingly timid and so easily frightened. Suppose General Taylor was taken prisoner, it turns into the bargain, to-day, why should not Penn. Fives be worth as much as ever to-morrow. We can see no reason for hesitation, in this services of our armed men. Why will they allow themselves to be made the sport of every wind that blows? There is something exceedingly little in the whole matter.

JOKES.

We have often wondered where all the new jokes and fanny anecdotes that abound in the newspapers come from, but never could explain the mystery, except upon the principle of the minister's horse—our readers doubtless remember the anecdote, the minister had a barrel, into which he put all his sermons, as he finished them, until the end of the year when he upturned the barrel and began the series over again.

In truth, we expect that jokes, even good ones, are of no ephemeral a nature, that they make a very slight impression upon the mind, and are soon forgotten; but what we are to do when once up again it is as good as new. Or it is, perhaps, like looking at a flower of showy, where the general resemblance is so great that you cannot, without considerable difficulty, keep the eye open any particular stamen.

We know how the stars are made—by cutting up the old moons—but the illimitable number of the new concocted. We have all of our morning's perplexes us. But how better can we confide these remarks than with an anecdote that a friend has given us to say, as one of the most solemn facts as now as today a flower, or old enough to have come over with Noah in the Ark.

A certain person, a former having occasion to employ a hand, was more than a little pleased to find a countryman, who averred that he never got hungry, thirsty or tired. He of course immediately engaged him, and set him to work at chopping wood. The fellow went to it with a will and chopped an hour afterwards, he saw our boss sitting very composedly upon a log, smoking a cigar.

"How is this?" cried his master—"I thought you never got tired"

"Neither I don't," replied the man, taking his pipe from his mouth—"but how much—I can't tire at all, and what's more, don't mean to be—and look here, Master, I'll trouble you for a good pipe, and a glass of rum, for I've no notion of getting hungry or thirsty, either!"

FRENCH NOVELS.

We are great advocates of Freedom of the Press, which, called "Liberty," was declared to be restricted to advantage, it would be in relation to the translations of French novels that an absurd at the present time is allowed to be perpetrated by publishers. We never saw but one French novel yet that was good for anything else than to put into the fire, and who think that all large would have been a great gainer if such a thing as French fiction had never existed. It abounds in pictures of vice, rendered disgusting, calculated to pollute the natural imagination and to corrupt the heart. We would that any respectable publishers can be found to refuse such loathsome productions of the lowest classes of an old and rotten state of society into the hands of a people who are just beginning to form a new world. For our part, we had rather they would throw a shilling carrion, daily into our streets, than a single Romance; than to pollute the spiritual fountains from which the rising sons and daughters of America are to quench their thirst. The following account on the subject is from a late number in the Boston Post—we need hardly say we most cordially unite with it:

"Let French novels, and it makes no sod
To think how many Anglo Saxon youth,
Have in such reading, sacrificed their time and truth,
The school blood our modern world has had,
Still bleed their spots with Basil, and cram their brains
With lewdness and nonsense, to the pain.

Then neither Dan's Seminaries nor Sir Rook shun,
Let me advise their teachers and their peers
With their young Presidents, to have them read
Some verses on their Shakspeare, every day.
Or stand Sir Walter's stories; 'tis the way
Good food is raised, by serving meat with good seed,
Pure fancies, ornamenting all the ground,
And manly thoughts, deep growing, strong and sound.

PRIVATEERING.

It has been the fashion of late for small our treaty with Spain would justify us in hanging up any of her citizens as pirates, who should dare not commission as privateers from the Mexican government—but a correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows on—

Mr. Editor—There must be a great mistake in supposing that the 11th article of the treaty of 1795, with Spain, secures to U. S. have a list of thirty-two privateers fitted out in the United States, under the South American flags, and manned and officered by Americans, without the least one solitary Spaniard on board, and which privateers for a series of months have sailed and departed from the ports of the United States after capturing Spanish property estimated at six to eight millions of dollars. Yet not a single one of these Americanized and privateers nor their owners in the several cities of the American Union; consequently it is evident that said article of that treaty with Spain is abrogated.

TONYANA.

Tony appeareth very much at the course of the Executive in entrusting the command of the South ern Army to Gen. Taylor—for, he says, being a Taylor, (tailor) he will not only be able to cut breeches (breeks) of the peace (piece), but also, if need be, to repair them.

Tony also approves of the present Presidential mode of repelling invasion by firing off vollies of resolutions of public meetings. He says it is both safe, popular, and economical.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

We cheerfully give place to the following from our friend Theodore.

"I deem it proper to declare that it is my anxious desire to bring all matters in dispute between the Government and Mexico to an early and amicable adjustment. I, for one, am for the speedy settlement of the whole question."—Speech of Mr. Webster.

Peace, hush, the loud drums—or our valour is sounding
The trumpet is dumb—the cannon are hushed
And the bugle breathes softly—the battle is ended
As they deem, "To the Parthenon the Romans fled."

But, amid all the clamour of war's preparation,
The still voice of Wisdom is heard from afar,
Like a gentle breeze of Eden, it breathes a mild exhortation,
Saying, "Peace hath its triumphs, far greater than War!"

The warrior may triumph, as, o'er the land battle,
In hand the fierce shock of a victory won,
For he thinks not, inflamed by the enemy's wild rattle,
Of the mother struck down in the form of her son.

His thirst not that long years of pain must flow over,
Before in her bosom will heal up that sore:—
But many is sorrow too late will discover,
That "Peace hath its triumphs, far greater than War!"

Oh, is peace, 'tis in peace, that all good comes flourish,
The sweet fruits of science to Millennium day;
Men step out of vices, while virtues that nourish,
Take root deep and strong in the heart of a city.
Arise then, ye mighty, in Wisdom's true glory,
And cry on aloud with one heart you offer,
That it be not forgotten, 'mid strife's bloody story,
That "Peace hath its triumphs, far greater than War!"

THEODORE.

MEXICAN VERSION.

By an arrival at New York on the 18th, direct from Havana, we have Vera Cruz dates to the 1st instant.

Paredes issued a proclamation on the 23d April, to the Mexican nation, in which he sets forth the various causes of complaint which Mexico has against the United States. In reference to the mission of Mr. Slidell, he says, in his address, "The repeated acts of aggression committed by the United States Government against the people of Mexico, the refusal to receive the minister of Mexico and were consummated or crowned by the fact of the United States Government sending a minister to our Government, to be received on the 13th day of a resident minister, as if the relations between the two Governments had not undergone any alteration by the consummation of the definitive act of the incorporation of Texas. At the very moment when Mr. Hidell (so his name is given in Spanish) presented himself, the troops of the United States had seized upon and were occupying our ports, and were preparing to occupy the Province of Caliefornia." He then says: "I did not admit Mr. Hidell (Slidell,) because my dignity as Chief Magistrate of this fresh insult. Meanwhile the army of the United States had concentrated in Corpus Christi, and had taken upon the Island of Padre Yagin, thence it marched to St. Isabel, and its flag was made to wave on the right bank of the Rio Grande del Norte, in front of the city of Matamoros. Every moment was having previously made themselves masters of the navigation of the river. The city of Loredo was a prized by a party of dragoons, and a picquet of our army discreted. Those hostilities have been begun by the United States of America under the false pretence upon the territories of the other side of the line of the departments of Tamaulipas and of New Leon, that is to say, since the troops of the United States were threatening Monterey, in Alta California." He then attributes the responsibility of a war to the Americans, and the more so, because that after this invasion, when they were notified to withdraw from the Mexican Departments, and to re-cross the Nueces, the ancient limit of Texas, they totally disregarded the notice He then goes on to say, as the most solemn terms, that he does not declare war, for that belongs to Congress, and not to the Executive—but he says, "In the defence of the Mexican territory, the Mexican troops have invaded in an urgent necessity, and my responsibility before the nation would be immense if I had not given orders to repel force which acted as enemies—therefore I gave those orders.

Santa Anna was still remaining quiet in Havana, engaged in his characteristic occupations.

There is nothing said of further revolutionary movements in Mexico.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

The foreign correspondent of the Inquirer states that the NEBULA HYPOTHESIS in Astronomy, is now considered the favorite theory of our morning's perplexes us. But how better can we confide these remarks than with an anecdote that a friend has given us to say, as one of the most solemn facts as now as today a flower, or old enough to have come over with Noah in the Ark.

A certain person, a former having occasion to employ a hand, was more than a little pleased to find a countryman, who averred that he never got hungry, thirsty or tired. He of course immediately engaged him, and set him to work at chopping wood. The fellow went to it with a will and chopped an hour afterwards, he saw our boss sitting very composedly upon a log, smoking a cigar.

"How is this?" cried his master—"I thought you never got tired"

"Neither I don't," replied the man, taking his pipe from his mouth—"but how much—I can't tire at all, and what's more, don't mean to be—and look here, Master, I'll trouble you for a good pipe, and a glass of rum, for I've no notion of getting hungry, or thirsty, either!"

OUR CITY DIGNITY.

A correspondent of the *Salem Massachusetts Gazette* perpetrates the following:

"Darwin is a poetry town,
And so is Philadelphy;
And I'll have one myself, eh?"

Now we should seriously inform the Editor of the Salem Gazette, and through him his correspondent, that Philadelphia is a very beautiful city, and one of the very best in the country, but we cannot conscientiously say that it is a poetry town, and as to having one ourselves, or which the writer receives a week by Dr. Forbes, recently published in the Salem Gazette, we have no desire to own one at the time. Dr. Forbes is considered by far too learned in the metaphysics for us, we shall decline taking the compliment.

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THE HEN.

A FABLE.

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We are born of wit not small,
In fact, twas once so;
And age at laying eggs withal,
Who, when she'd done, would scream and howl,
As if the house were burning.
A motley rock, of age and wit,
Fat chested indigestion,
Twas only known, in her own suit,
By her unbearable question.
To her, other cognizance was none,
She would no more the thing endure,
Do, after cognition,
Ha to the lady straight required,
And thus his business he declared
"Madam, pray what's the matter,
That always, when you've laid an egg,
You make so great a clatter?
I wish you'd do the thing in quiet;
Do be advised by me, and try it!"
"Advised by me!" the old hen cried,
And tossed her head with proper pride
"And what do you know now, I pray,
Of the fashions of the present day,
You common-place and fool!
However, if you want to know,
This is the reason why I do it:
I lay my egg, and then cackle it!"

TEXAS VOLUNTEERS.

The steamboat Monmouth left Galveston for Boston Santiago with only eleven volunteers on board. The regular army consisting further orders from the Governor hereto before enrolling themselves Call just this backing your friends"

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

The news by the Britannia arrived in this city late on Thursday evening, and we hasten to be the first possible to insert it in more than a portion of our edition. We take the following summary of it from the North American:

Lord Aberdeen has occupied the annexation of Texas, by informing the Cotton-baron authorities that the produce of that country would be admitted as the product of the American Union.

The cotton crop, Ireland are gloomy, and every day adds to the misery of the people in that unfortunate country. Before the summer is over, the famine will have been greatly aggravated.

In the manufacturing districts the markets have improved, and a very fair quality of business has been done.

A plot had been discovered at Glogau, for the release of Polish prisoners, and several arrests have been made.

Numerous attempts have been made lately at Brussels to excite the lower classes against the Government, by distributing incendiary pamphlets and handbills amongst them.

There are continued accounts of trouble in Gallicia; and the revolt in favor of the young Prince has not yet been suppressed. Martial law still existed at Cracow and Vigo, and the most outrageous accounts of a Gunzilla insurrection among the mountains. The mails from Madrid to Corunna had been stopped.

The north of Portugal has been the scene of an insurrectionary movement, originating with wine growers, who have been against the exactions of the Government. The Constitution was suspended the 20th ult. The liberty of the press was suspended, and martial law proclaimed for the trial of the disaffected had been instituted.

There is no feature of peculiar importance in the news.

The Cotton Market has fully sustained the improvement noted by the last steamer, and the last steamer failed. The sales of Saturday 31 and Monday 4th amounted to 9,000 bales, including a portion taken by speculation and for export. The market was quiet and the rates current on the previous week paid with scarcely any alteration; if any thing, we may say that the tone was a shade better.

The Liverpool Mail arrived on the 1st instant but the state of India appears perfectly tranquil Peace seems restored in the Punjaub.

The British forces have the possession of Lahore and arrangements were making for the occupation of the conquered territory, which is exceedingly fertile, and will yield a large annual revenue to the British.

The news from Scinde is not of interest. The Governor of Bombay, Sir George Arthur, has had a severe fit of illness, but was recovering.

The Irish Coercion Bill has passed its first reading by a majority of one hundred and

The Corn bill has not been acted upon, but will probably follow the Coercion bill: The Corn trade consequently remains in a very unsatisfactory state

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DRAFTING AT LAST.

We learn from the N. O. Bulletin that the Governor of Louisiana, finding that the volunteering was not filled rapidly has at length resorted to a draft. Any person, however, who will send in a substitute in the recruiting officers will be exempted from serving.

Notices of New Works.

DON JUAN. *The Rose of Dan-more. By Henry Morford.*—This is a Poem in seven cantos, written in the style of Byron's Don Juan. The author has evidently not her Byron did not live to complete this work, and Mr. Morford has not managed, we believe, to supply the deficiency. Mr. Morford's versification is good, with great spirit, and much power of thought and vividness of fancy. But the subject is one which we cannot indorse upon such an unpromising subject. For, at the best, romance in such a shape can only be pushed to an unfortunate extremity. Before the summer is over, the Cantos will have been greatly aggravated.

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NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

MEXICAN ATTACK REPULSED.

MATAMORAS REDUCED TO ASHES.

The following report is from Capt. Walker, of the Texas Rangers, who had entered at Point Isabel in the 5th inst. at 4 P. M. Mr. Gaines, a correspondent of the Monument. An engagement had taken place between the Mexicans and 250 volunteers under Gen. Taylor, on the evening of the 3d inst., left the encampments with a detachment of the United States troops, consisting of about 250 men, and came, now in Washington, has offered to the President the services of two thousand picked rangers, who would they be required in the conflict with Mexico. This is a most praiseworthy movement, and we have no doubt will be made use of effectively, if occasion requires.—*Pennsylvanian*.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?—We understand that orders were received on Wednesday week in this city, from the War Department, requiring the whole of the orders recently issued for the four companies stationed in and around the Arsenal to be held in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Gen. Patterson, the commander of the Arsenal, has received the same orders. Gen. Patterson is also ordered to hold in readiness two thousand volunteers from this city, to proceed to the Rio Grande.—*N. Y. Herald*.

WAR MOVEMENTS.—Col Backhead, the military commander at New York, has received orders to concentrate and increase his forces at Fort Hamilton, and reinforcements will also be recruiting men for the regular period of enlistment.

☞ The Norfolk Herald of the 14th inst., states that three companies have been ordered from Fortress Monroe, to repair forthwith to the assistance of Gen. Taylor, and that they are to be joined by two companies from Baltimore.

WAR CRAFT.—There is now being built for the Government, at Samuel Vaughan's ship yard in this city, a craft to be propelled by steam, something like a floating battery, and designed to move and operate in shoal water.

BOUNTY.—Orders have been received at Dunham's foundry, in New York, to cast 1,000 additional rice of bombshells, for the use of the United States.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

POLAND AND THE POLES—CRIMINAL AND SUMPTUARY POLICY — FREEDOM AGAINST WAR — DUELLING — THE CHOLERA — THE ARISTOCRACY AND ORDINARIES SWINDLE—AN ASSASSINATION—ORAM MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH—A MOUNTAIN OF RUBY—CHARLES DICKENS, &c.—FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE — EXECUTIONS — ACCIDENTS — FOREIGN GOSSIP—MISCELLANEOUS.

Bristol, England, April 16, 1846.

Unhappy Poland! The sympathy felt in this country in favor of Polish independence and nationality is now, and ever has been strong—as you will perceive by the reports in the newspapers of large public meetings held in London and else, where, in favor of the Poles. Still, it is thought exceedingly strange—as strange as horrible, that when the Austrian Chief Magistrate of Tarnow, by way of evading the interdiction contained in the treaties forms about to "sell the rebels and nobles that should be brought in, dead or alive," that the peasantry instead of receiving so savage and unofficial a proposal—should have turned out in great numbers and have murdered four hundred Poles who were supposed to be engaged in the insurrection, many of them men of distinction—and then have taken their corpses to the Austrian Authorities to claim the promised blood money! Was not this worse than the Roman Catholic Priests who, I presume, have given the forties ahead for "all

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Twenty-five copies of current Series received in paper wrapper for $20.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep ourselves current. They should always give names and time paid for.

Remittances may be made in the Post Office *renewal from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.*

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James R. Smith, D. F. Conrad, T. Gardner Smith, F. T. Doss and H. F. Hunsinger.*

JOHN H. JOHNSON, Cazenia, East and West.

JOHN P. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Mr. M. Donovan,* Pennsylvania.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL S. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Wagner, H. F. Hunsinger, Wm. Reed, Chas. Reed, Wm. B. Harvey, T.B. Waterman, and John Col. lins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. FISHER is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, may give a receipt to the person who deposits the money, which will be a valid receipt against the publisher. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it at the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master to whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the persons by whom the money was deposited or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master to whom the Publisher is to be paid in the Publisher.

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To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

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Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment or subscription, to the Publishers direct.

FACTORY LIFE.

We take the following spirited verses from the Boston Courier. They prove that there is a bright as well as a dark side to factory life. We wish we had the power to double the wages of all the girls in those eastern mills—wouldn't we do it in less than no time, and we might double the places of some unthousand lovely creatures in return.

SONG OF THE MANCHESTER FACTORY GIRL.

I.

Oh, merry and glad and free—
Is the lament or boast of health how it speaks!
Oh a happy creature is she!
She reads the news and runs the spindle,
And cheerfully talketh away.
Hi! he does not know her bright eyes kindle!
And her bosom is ever gay.

II.

Oh, sing me a song of the Factory Girl,
Who hath breathed our mountain air—
Her voice her music, and the spindle
To the lord's ones gathered there.
She hands the web and watches the spindle,
And fancies her mother near—
How glisten her bright eyes kindle!
And she thinks of her sweet dear!

III.

Oh, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
As she winks her spacious hall,
And coins the rose, and the orange that blows
In the weaker land of the south—
She tends the loom, and watches the spindle,
And she sings of the sunny clime
Where her heart is ever at night—
Where her heart is ever gay.

IV.

Oh, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Whose toil is ever and ever lighter—
Its health away, till the evening gray,
And her song is sweet at night.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And oh, she's light of heart—
I know by her laugh, as her bright eyes kindle,
That few are more happy than she.

V.

Oh, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
When her duties are done for the day,
From the long and its pears, to the jolly tars,
With our flag on all seas satisfied!
From Ching to Chili, the wide world leaves
That emerge the sunbeamed noon—
Where "Good sea" is "Good ocean," in our seas.
The glories of the British loom.

VI.

Oh, sing me the song of the Factory Girl!
Look not her name with the slaves—
She is a lover, and a free one, and a brave,
That rose her homestead waves.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And sings of the land of the morn—
I know by her lip, as her bright eyes kindle,
That a cheerful spirit is there.

VII.

Oh, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Ever honest and true and true—
Her name has wrong, her deeds have been rung,
Of the land and where she lives.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And she's a lover and a girl—
Oh, give me her smile, as her bright eyes kindle,
And she rose and wage every.

VIII.

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When her duties are done for the day,
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X.

Oh, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
The rose of our mountain wild—
Her name has wrong, her deeds have been rung,
Where'er Love has smiled.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And sings of the land of the morn—
Through the bright mine close to the slumber chime
Of the spring Organ.

J. H. W.

General News.

A Lady One Hundred and Six Years Old.—The Rochester American notices the arrival in Niagara, on Saturday last, among whom was a lady 106 years, 8 months and 12 days old, accompanied by her son 81 years old. They have been residing in Canada for 40 years, but from Michigan, where she has resided for 20 years past. She was born in York, (now Toronto,) Canada, and has resided in the county of York for 86 years. She was a resident of Niagara county when 80 years old. She was married at the age of 16 years, and has had seven children, all of whom are dead. She has also had 40 grandchildren, 70 great grandchildren, and 4 great great grandchildren, making in all 121 descendants

Selected Poem.

MAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

When from the red the flowerets spring,
And smiles to meet the earth's bright ray,
When birds their sweetest carols sing,
In all the charms of May;
What lovelier than the prospect does?
Can earth boast any thing more fair?
To me it seemeth as almost Heaven,
No heaven is my eyes that vision bright is given.

But when a lady chaces and fair,
Noble, and clad in rich attire,
While through the throng with gracious air,
She leads the mute retire—
Then, where are all thy beauties, May?
What lost thou beautiful and gay,
Compared with that supreme delight?
We leave thy loveliest flowers, and watch that lady bright.

Would'st thou believe me—come and place
Before thee all this pride of May;
Then look but on my lady's face,
And which is best and brightest say?
For me, here rose (if choice were mine)
This would I take, and that resign,
And say, "Though sweet thy beauties, May,
Of rather flowers all lose me; my lady gay!"

LONG YEARS HAVE PASSED.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Long years have passed, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me
Since then have dropped away.
Be enough remains to cheer us on,
And summers, when their wreaths are wet,
The glass we fill to the merry gone
And the hearts who've left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some long white and chill;
While some, like flowers, are found in autumn's snow,
Remain youth's color still.
And so, in our hearts, though sear by one,
Youth's merry hopes have not,
Thank Heaven! not all their light is gone—
We've something for over us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I live most,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life ere it fleet;
And still as death comes sweeping on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
If on with a sigh or lightsome gaze,
How many are left us yet.

Choice Selections.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

The Boston Transcript contains the following amusing account of an incident that lately occurred in Paris. The widow Cocquerel lived in the Rue Montmartre, and was a young lady, the young widow of a wealthy cloth merchant, and had consequently come into a valuable financial station in one of the large cities of France. Fictitious names are substituted for the real ones for writing purposes.

Madame Dudrenne had enjoyed the pleasures of widowhood for five or six years, when, through that agent of inconstancy that does not permit a woman to be content with an enjoyment long possessed, she began to think of marrying again. During the last winter, the amiable widow had assiduously frequented the most distinguished balls and concerts of the Chaussee d'Antin, had taken her part in the pickics and mauvaskas of the season, and figured as patroness in every enterprise for elegant charity. She was everywhere—at the opera and at all public entertainments, and as well chaperoned and as discreet in her deportment that the fine teeth of aristocratic connoisseurs always duly set, could make of her the slightest impression upon a character at once solid and brilliant as the diamond. As the tendency of the fair widow's inclinations daily became more known she was gradually surrounded by crowds of impassioned aspirants, such as one would expect to meet around a handsome young widow with a cool roll of six thousand dollars per annum. She did not abuse her right to play the coquette, and her friends were so little surprised to see her neglect the homage of many agreeable and handsome young gentlemen, and fix her choice upon Mr. Dumis. As for the age of Mr. D., he had counted forty five by all the clocks. He carried it in his face, his figure, his manner, his language, and all his habits of body and mind; but for any resemblance to Adonis in him, he never was guilty of the slightest trait. All his conversation was that of one whose every moment of luck has been spent in cunning capers into crowns, but the valuable results of such a course of life he had not realized. His fortune amounted to the round sum of a million. This was the only merit to counterbalance his defects; and under most other circumstances he could be selfish, stupid, ignorant, spatistical, vain or miserly, with impunity. That Mr. D. possessed each of these characteristics in all imaginative colossuses, none could deny—but with his million, somehow, they were not seen.

What if the mysterious million that decided Mr. dame D., or had she yielded to some secret resentment that sometimes impels a beautiful woman to sacrifice herself? Is this? We know nothing about it. The marriage was, in fact, agreed upon. The preparations were in progress. The day drew nearer and nearer, and Mr. D. had already ordered his wedding coat.

The preparations for the marriage contract had caused Madame D. to change the depository of her fortune. In this movement the capital had passed through the hands of a broker who fell a victim to the late crisis.

Mr. D. had not interfered in this affair. He was supposed to be ignorant of it. The actions of the widow awoke him, and agonies him of the event. It fell upon him like a thunder bolt. But he soon resumed his self-control. Not a word relative was taken. "Do not spread this report," said he, "Dubunion is still ignorant of the misfortune that has befallen her; allow me to attend the revelation at it with those precautions and consolations that I alone can offer."

But the widow knew all, she had just received a letter from a modest young man, who said to her: "Fortune is no longer an obstacle to our union. You are ruined, and I can now dare to profess my love."

Such was the substance of those pages of very impassioned composition which Madame D. had just read with a very lively interest, when one of those *good friends* which one is sure to find in misfortune came in, and having tactfully embraced her, offered the consolations of sympathy.

"My poor Dorimine, you have lost at once your fortune and your lover, Mr. Dumis tactfully leave your income of 30,000, but now that you have it no longer he will refuse the honor of your hand."

"Do you believe so," answered the widow.

"I am sure of it. Men are all the same, and they have neither heart nor soul in our times but for money." While they were thus speaking, another letter arrives. It was from Mr. Dumis, who announced the widow as follows: "I have reluctantly news to impart. Imprudently embarked in stock speculations that all the world was crazy about, I have been completely ruined by the sudden and violent fall in national funds. In this critical moment, my delicacy compels me to abandon our proposed union. I restore your pledge, and await a reply from you which shall relieve me as assuredly free from my obligations." This is strange, thought the widow. Is it possible that he wishes to put my affection to the proof? Under this impression, but willing not to be beautiful, she replies to him, "You are right, in the position in which we find ourselves. I think we should renounce our proposed plans. I pity you truly for the failure of your speculations, and discharge you from your obligations."

As soon as Dumis had received this answer which he had expected with trembling and solicitude, he hastened to the house of the widow. "Pardon my rage," said he, "and permit me to state things as they are. It is not I who am ruined. It is you."

"What do you tell me" says the widow, with an astonished air. "I have never speculated in stocks."

"Well, but you trusted your property to a broker, did you not?"

"It is but too true."

"Well, he has failed."

"Did you know that before you wrote to me?"

"Yes. And I wished to know what you would have done, that this misfortune happened to you. Your action shall decide mine. Do not be surprised then if I refuse the connection."

"That is to say," said Madame D., "having determined to withdraw, you wished to procure from me something to justify your conduct and preserve your reputation in society. You are then wedded, but you spoke of representing things as they are. Allow me to assist you. You say you are ruined. I am very glad of it. But neither am I, and I hope this will afford you equal pleasure."

"What!" exclaimed Dumis—"Did you not commit your property to a broker?"

"Yes, indeed, but I withdrew it fortunately in season."

"Behold!" said she, opening her desk.

"What! have you saved all?"

"Oh, yes, thank God. All that my free fance which remained in his hands. But these I do not regret; they are little enough for the lessons you have taught, and the obligations you have conferred on me."

Thus was broken off the marriage of Mr. Dumis with Madame Dorimine, but it is nevertheless probable, adds the writer, that the beautiful widow and the which the Parisians advised us by all means to go, as the finest spectacle we should see here; but where we did not go.

About twelve o'clock there was a slamming of window-shutters, one at a time, along the principal streets, and the shops on Sunday remained closed, and some suspicious resembling our own; one-half or so, however, were not shut at all till the usual hour at night. The churches were about half full, the streets quiet, music by a full band was introduced into the gardens, while in the evening the public walks exceeded our former limited experience, but open tents were erected, and crowds of people were dancing in the open air, after the fashion about, in the Champs Elysees. Most of this custom has reset before coming to Paris; but you have either read it carefully or have heard of it, for it is that the impression heretofore received is not half as vivid as the scene; perhaps too, you had no friend there was an interest in the scene. Its location, or you had some misgivings as to whether you had not jumbled modern and ancient Paris together regarding the matter? be the case as it may, so recent for it how you can, the sudden transition from the other side of the Atlantic will strike you with surprise; it was a fine day, every body, so to say, turned out, and we saw a Parisian Sunday in all its variety. It may help you to impressions of the reality, if I tell you that hand-ness were every where carrying hods up ladders, and that building went on as much as on any day in the week.

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Natural History.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE MONKEY.

BY REV. W. JONES.

A gentleman whose premises were infested by a large breed of sparrows, said they were *birds of no principle*. Of all monkies it may be said, with much more propriety, they are *beasts of no principle*: for they have every evil quality, and not one good one. They are saucy and insolent; always making mischief; cruel to bully and terrify people, and hitting those first who are most afraid of them. An important curiosity runs through all their actions, but an inverse one to things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or a kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey's first whips off the cover to see what she has put into it; even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Mimicry is another of the monkey's qualities. What ever he sees men do, he must affect to do the like himself. He mounts a horse the wrong end first, and as is ruled by the actions of men or beasts; as weak people follow the fashion of the world, whether it be good or bad. No wonder they have any sense of gratitude, but takes his victuals with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, and he should take it away again: for he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an inveterate selfishness they have no companions: any individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They cannot agree for any time in company without quarrelling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If anything be taken hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces upon the pavement. He takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers, and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot tear to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose. Everybody has heard of the monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of a cannon to see how it went off, when he spoiled it very effectually for the use of his head. In a ship where a relation of mine was an officer, while the men were busy in fetching powder from below, the making cartridges, a monkey on board took up a lighted candle, and ran down to the powder-room to see what they were about; but happily was overtaken just as he got to the hatches, and thrown out at the nearest port hole into the sea, with the lighted candle in his hand. Another lost an eye by the spirit of mischief. he had seen his master shaving his own face, and at the first opportunity took up a razor, and attempted to perform the same office on his own throat. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the tops of trees, the people below who want to have all the cocoa-nuts for their own, throw stones at them on and pelting them off repeatedly; and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they return in the vicinity of gloves at first, and at first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again, and when they are overpowered, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backwards and are taken. A monkey who had seen his master shave, got a razor and cut off the ears of all the dogs, the pulled off and hung upon a chair, pots on bonnets. The wickedness of the monkey is the highest degree, having a kind of ubiquity and knowledge of his future that is beyond our comprehension. They watch and control the flock with a talent that is truly curious.

Sunday Readings.

SPEAK NO ILL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Hey, speak no ill, a worthy deed,
Can never leave a shame behind;
And, ah! to breathe each vain we're heard
In fair heaven's noble mind.
Fall oft a better soul is seen
By showing that its heart is pure,
For if but little good be shown,
Still let us speak the more.

Had I a crown, all I should prize in it
Would be the power to lay it at your feet. *Dryden.*

Thou wast born to make consolations,
The closest worn a proselyte, if thou went there,
Were I monarch of the globe, with thee to reign,
The brightest throne in it were mean, and be a queen. *Barrow.*

Wert thou as far
As that vast orbit vaulted by the distant sun,
I would endeavor for such meeting pray. *Shadwell.*

The Rammelsbar Arts, Better-cup, or King-cup, is a native of meadows and pastures, flowering from May to July. The yellow flowers are produced on naked stems on their upper segment, make it conspicuously beautiful. The white variety, a native of Virginia, in moist pervious flowers, shaded with lake, and orange-colored spots at its centre, is only interior in beauty to the two already named.

BUTTER CUP; OR, KING CUP. *Ricker.*
Wearing thee, I found thee of more value
Than wearing all the gold in Inde.
And 'tis the very riches of thyself,
That now I aim at. *Shirley.*

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LILY, YELLOW *Falconbood.*
And yet he falsely said he was in love. *Dryden.*

False as the fowler's artful snare. *Sandys.*

And days may come, then false one, yet,
When I shall be
When wilt thou call with vain regret,
On her thou leavest me?
On her, who in thy fortune's fall,
With her kind heart, clung to thee true,
And gladly died to prove thee all,
Her fancy first believed thee. *Moore.*

The Yellow *Lily* or *Lemon* of Persia, whose chief city was called *Shemon*, and emeral in provinces *Nemon*. In Hebrew language, the name of *Nenemoth* signifies *Lily of Lemons*.

Once, fixin' thy unbending child,
Will all his heart, fondled and caulled,
Tranquil, as on some battle plain,
The Persian's fury shines and wanes,
Before the centre's unbroken line
Has fallen upon its *golden Amens*.
Moore.—Para Worshippers.

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Mr. Smith gives the following description of a Sunday in Paris

My first Sunday in Paris did, I confess, even after all I had heard respecting it, surprise me very much. I had read, in all other general readers how that very little attention was paid to its observance, but I did not believe the half of what I have seen to-day. Without consideration, let me just tell you what I have witnessed. While dressing at eight, we had the windows open, and as the air was clear, sullying out, it was evident the shopkeepers had no respect, after one fashion, for the Sabbath. *Not a single shop in all Paris was shut up*; people were engaged in their several occupations just as on the day before; they were buying selling, working at their trades, coaching, just as usual. By ten o'clock, when I again listened out, a number, but not a great number of *dimanche*, dressed as if for church, were on the move. By 2 I missed the old St. Roque cathedral, where the Catholic ceremonies, French fashion, had just begun. We omit the account of the ceremonies as we have to economize our room. Mr. Smith proceeds as follows:

The apartments of the Palais Royal over the shops, let as it was occupied by Louis Philippe when Duke of Orleans, and there the people used to be allowed to inspect its suite of gilded saloons and showy pictures; omnibuses, railroads, and steamboats, were all in crowded with people, and Versailles, also thrown open, and their fountains playing in admiring thousands; but worst of all, there was at the latter, the regular show-days on which the Parisians advised us by all means to go, as the finest spectacle we should see here; but where we did not go.

About twelve o'clock there was a slamming of window-shutters, one at a time, along the principal streets, and the shops on Sunday remained closed, and some suspicious resembling our own; one-half or so, however, were not shut at all till the usual hour at night. The churches were about half full, the streets quiet, music by a full band was introduced into the gardens, while in the evening the public walks exceeded our former limited experience, but open tents were erected, and crowds of people were dancing in the open air, after the fashion about, in the Champs Elysees. Most of this custom has reset before coming to Paris; but you have either read it carefully or have heard of it, for it is that the impression heretofore received is not half as vivid as the scene; perhaps too, you had no friend there was an interest in the scene. Its location, or you had some misgivings as to whether you had not jumbled modern and ancient Paris together regarding the matter? be the case as it may, so recent for it how you can, the sudden transition from the other side of the Atlantic will strike you with surprise; it was a fine day, every body, so to say, turned out, and we saw a Parisian Sunday in all its variety. It may help you to impressions of the reality, if I tell you that hand-ness were every where carrying hods up ladders, and that building went on as much as on any day in the week.

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